

realize that the "game" was a pretext for me to look more closely and longer into her lovely eyes.

The next Sunday we went for a walk along the bank of the Angara. She wore a black silk hat with a broad white brim. She told me later that, noticing for the first time the expression of admiration on my face, she attributed it to the hat. This was the decisive day in our growing closeness. We exchanged reminiscences. She asked me about my childhood and what had brought me to Siberia and told her own story—high school in a provincial town in western Russia, a women's college in St. Petersburg, teaching after graduation in an elementary public school in North Caucasus for a year, then the trip to Siberia where her father was a contractor in the construction of military barracks. After his death she remained there with her mother and brothers and sisters. Although she had majored in history and economics, she was most interested in educational problems and child psychology. What impressed me most in her, perhaps even more than her appearance, was her sincerity, independence of judgment, and the complete absence of clichés in her speech. She was not a rebel and showed little interest in politics and the revolutionary movement. But I felt in her more real freedom of mind and spirit than in most of the people I met in revolutionary circles.

What surprised me most was that the girl seemed to like me. A week later I asked Emma to go with me to Ussolye to meet my political friends. The pleasure of the trip was marred for me at the beginning. Strolling along a country road, we passed a farm. Three urchins were sitting on the fence. They measured us with their eyes and the oldest said loudly, "Gosh, is she pretty!" And another replied as firmly, "And he is not pretty at all!" I had never been particular about my appearance, but in the special circumstances of that day I considered the remark very ill-mannered.

During that walk we decided to get married. For our honeymoon we went to Arshan, a mountain resort at the Mongolian border, and then took a long trip in a rowboat down the Angara. The road across the steppes and Arshan had a beauty I had not noticed during my trip a year earlier.

In Arshan we rented a cabin, not much larger than a solitary cell and as poorly furnished. Yet it was wonderful, with long splits in the walls and holes in the roof through which stars glittered and the moon shone. The cabin overlooked a turbulent mountain stream. A trail along it led into a deep canyon, skirting waterfalls and rapids. The stream had cut terraces in the rocks, revealing snow-white marble inside the mountain. The water fell in cascades down a gigantic stairway, whirling in deep basins, white, turquoise blue, and green. The climbing was steep and difficult. Few visitors went further than